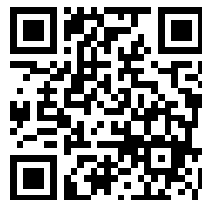

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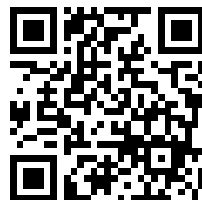
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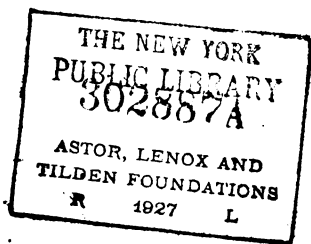
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Roswall
NCL

414 SCOTS POETRY. Laing (David) Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland. Cr. 4to (a 'proof' copy, being soiled and inkstained in places on margins), only 108 copies privately printed, old russia, gilt, the back joints restored. 2 guineas 1572, etc.—*Edin.*, 1821-22
* A valuable and curious collection of 25 pieces, all taken from sources anterior to the close of the sixteenth century. At the end is added the reprint from the rare first edition of "Roswal and Lilian," of which only 75 copies were printed. The signature of E. V. Uttersen is appended to an inscription on fly-leaf.

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ROY W. B.
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THIS republication of ROSWALL AND LILLIAN, which it was intended should have formed a part of the Volume of ANCIENT POPULAR POETRY now in the course of publication, has been withdrawn, in consequence of a mistake, which was too late discovered, in its having been printed on a different kind of paper from that used for the rest of the collection. It is, therefore, optional with the purchaser to bind it up at the end of the Volume, or to keep it by itself as a separate publication.

EDINBURGH, *March*, 1822.

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ROSWALL AND LILLIAN.

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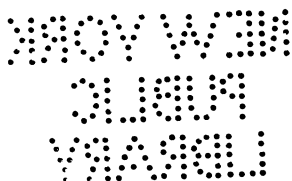
THIS pleasant history was the last of the *Metrical Romances* that retained their popularity in Scotland; and the circumstance of its being chanted in the streets of Edinburgh, is still within recollection. Since that period it has become familiar to the public, from an elegant analysis^a by one of the most accomplished editors of early poetical literature.

This Tale is not known to be extant in manuscript, and the earliest printed copy discovered is that from which the following publication is taken. It was purchased in 1813 for the Advocates' Library at the Roxburghe sale, and when we add, that it produced the sum of nine Guineas, the reader will have some idea of the value attached to perhaps the only existing copy of an impression evidently published for the ancient fraternity of flying stationers. The original is a small 8vo. bl. l. and contains 14 leaves, corresponding to this reprint; in which the only variation consists in having the lines numbered for the facility of reference.

A copy of another early edition of this Tale, without date or printer's name, is in the possession of Mr. Douce, by whom it was communicated to his friend Mr. Ellis. He describes it as being the only one he had seen, and supposes it to have issued from some provincial press, about eighty or ninety years ago.

The style of this Romance, says Mr. Ellis in reference to the later copy, "has perhaps been modernized, and the tale seems to have been awkwardly and carelessly abridged, unless we suppose it to have been printed from a mutilated and

^a Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, vol. III. p. 382-393.



imperfect manuscript. There is, I think, no internal evidence to justify our ascribing its original to an earlier period than the middle of the 16th century." This observation may apply with greater force to the copy from which Mr. Ellis formed his abstract than to the present, in which the story has evidently suffered less than the language:—besides, its composition must be referred to a still earlier age than that which he specifies, as it might be difficult to prove that any tale of a similar description belonged to a period so recent as the sixteenth century. If the present copy had exhibited a less modernized and corrupted text, it might have been curious to trace the change which took place in the course of the half century that intervened between the publication of these two editions.

Of the common stall-copies that have escaped destruction, the latest we have met with is entitled—The pleasant history and love adventures of Roswal and Lillian. with their love song, &c. Edinburgh, printed in the year 1785. pp. 24. It has this proemium,—

*Here doth begin a worthy and a noble tale
Of Roswal and Lillian withoutten fail,*

and contains in all 411 lines. Like other pieces of traditional poetry, it has suffered abundantly in passing among the people. It may indeed have been taken from a previous edition, not more accurate, and in fact comes nearer to the lines quoted by Mr. Ellis, than the corresponding ones in the older copy. Thus l. 16 reads,—

Wight Hannibal nor Gandifer.

Instead of visiting the three lords in prison to provide them with their dinner, it is said that

*The jaylor to the prison cam
To give the lords their morning dram.*

But it is unnecessary to point out variations so palpably absurd and corrupted. The concluding lines, several of which do not appear in the following copy, may serve as a sufficient specimen of the whole ; and the reader may begin the comparison at line 833. They are literally transcribed.

Fair Lillian bare him bairns five,
 The fairest that might live in life :
 The eldest son was king of Belam,
 The second son of Naples realm.
 For therefore was made the king,
 Right after his father's days ending,
 The third son was made Pope of Rome,
 And then anon when this was done,
 The eldest daughter such was her chance
 She married the great Daphin of France.
 The second married the prince of Pole,
 I pray to God the death might thole,
 To bring us to his lasting glore,
 Which shall endure for evermore.

When these things were ended done,
 Roswal past to his mother soon,
 His father long time before was dead,
 But his mother of him was glad.
 So Roswal and Lillian sheen,
 Liv'd many years in good liking.
 I pray to Jesus, heaven's King,
 To grant us heaven to our ending,
 Of them I have no more to say,
 God send them rest untill doom's day.

‘ Roswal and Lillian, their love song,’ *commencing*,—
 ‘ Of Naples, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lillian was the grace ;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect a fairer face.’

is nothing less than an awkward transformation of Tickell's well-known and justly admired ballad of Colin and Lucy.

A PLEASANT

HISTORY

OF

Rofwall and Lillian.

DECLARING

The occasion of *Rofwall* his removing from his Native Kingdom, to the Kingdom of *Bealm*, and what befell him in his journey from his Steward: The entertainment he met with from an aged Wife: His Education at School; With his fortunate admiffion to be fervant to *Lillian* the Kings only Daughter, with whom fhe fell deeply in love. The reward of the three Lords by whom he attained the honour of the three dayes Jufting before the Marriage of the Steward, who was known to be a Traitor and therefore juftly executed; with the renewed wished-for Marriage betwixt *Rofwall* and *Lillian*: His thankfull remembrance of his friends; the number of his children, and their good fortune, all worthy reading.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by I. H. Anno, 1668.



THE
HISTORY
OF
Roswall and Lillian.

NOW will ye list a little space,
And I shall send you to solace :
You to solace, and be blyth,
Hearken, ye shall hear belyve
A tale that is of veritie, 5
If ye will hearken unto me.

In *Naples* lived there a King,
Had all the lands in Governing.
Who had a Lady fair and young,
Whose name was called *Lillian* : 10

This Lady pleafant was and fair,
Bare him a Son, which was his Heir,
Whose name was called *Roswall* :
Of fairer heard I never tell ;
Princes to him could not compare, 15

Ulysses nor *Gandifere*,
Achilles nor *Troyalus*,
Nor yet his Father *Priamus* :
The Knight that kept the Parent well,
Was not so fair as *Roswall*. 20

There lived into that Countrie,
Worthy noble Lords three,
That to the King had done treason,
A 2 There-

Priced each. (\$1.80), Aldine Book Co., 23 Mar. 1929

The History of

Therefore he put them in prifon ;
And there he held them many a day, 25
Till they were aged quite away,
Aged and quite o'regrown with hair,
While of their lives they did defpair,
That they knew of no remedie,
But looked after death daily ; 30
So it befell upon a day
The young Prince he went to play,
Him to play and to folace,
And fo it happened in that cafe,
Toward the Prifon he is gone, 35
To hear thir Lords making their moan,
He fate down and a little ftaid,
To hearken what thir Lords faid :
They faid, dear God, have mind of us,
Even for the fake of dear Jefus 40
Who bought us with his precious blood,
And for us dyed on the rood
To help us, if thy will it be,
And of this Prifon make us free.
The Young Prince did hear their moan, 45
He heard their mourning and their groan :
Then to his Chamber he is gone,
Heavy in heart, as sad as ftone ;
He fate down and did forefee,
How beft thir Lords might helped be, 50
And fo he thought upon a wyle
The King how he might beft beguile ;
A cuftome then had the Jaylors,
Who kept ay the Prifoners,
After the doors all locked were, 55
Unto the King the keyes to bear
The King used them to lay

Under

Rofwall and Lillian.

Under his bed-head privily.
The Prince soon perceiving had,
Where the King the keyes laid : 60
And on a night he watch did keep
Till that the King was fallen asleep :
He took the keyes full privilie,
And to the Prifon gone is he,
Who did deliver thir Lords three, 65
Bade them paffe home to their Countrie ;
And then they fwore by sweet Jefus,
If ever ye mifter help of us,
We fhall you help into your need :
Glad was he having done the deed. 70
The keyes laid under his Fathers head,
And went and fleepd as he were dead.
The King rofe and eke the Queen,
The Principal, and Lords bedeen ;
They went to maffe and then to dine, 75
The Jaylors all did come in fyne,
Asked from the King the keyes,
Which to deliver did him pleafe :
Then to the Prifon they went in fear,
To give the Lords their dinner there : 80
But when they came all were away,
They knew not what to do nor fay.
The Prifoners away were gone,
How, or what way known to none.
The King was then fo dollorous, 85
That the three Lords were fcapd thus :
He fayes, O Lord, how may this be
That thir Prifoners hath been made free ?
Under my bed-head lay the keyes,
None knew thereof, as God me eafe, 90
A 3 And

The History of

And here I make a solemn vow,
Before you all my Lords now,
Who ere he be hath done the deed,
He shall be hang'd without remeed :
Or else so soon as I him see, 95
My own two hands his bane shall be.
It was reported through the Town,
That the young Prince the deed had done ;
The word throughout the Pallace ran,
Which made the King a grieved man, 100
When he the vow considered,
And that his Son had done the deed.
The Queen then far more grieved was :
She mourn'd and weeped with her face.
And quickly to the King went she, 105
Who, kneeling down upon her knee,
Thus said, for him that sits on hie,
Let your Sons fault forgiven be :
That may not be Madam, he said,
For I a faithfull vow have made, 110
That assoon as I may him see,
My own two hands his bane shall be ;
Therefore I pray you, day and night,
To keep him well out of my sight,
Till I send him to some Countrie, 115
Where he may safely keep'd be.
And then in hafte down fate the King,
Wrote letters without tarrying,
To send his Son to the King of *Bealm*,
For to remain in that Realm. 120
Still to continue with the King,
Till he sent for his home-coming,
Letters in hafte then soon wrote he,

Defiring

Rofwall and Lillian.

Defiring the King especiallie,
For to receive his own dear son, 125
Which for most truſt was ſent to him.
His furniſhing was made ready,
And he got gold in great plenty.

The Kings Steward, a ſtalward Knight,
Was made to keep him day and night, 130
And ſo his ſervant for to be,
To keep him well in that Countrie ;
The Queen did look to the Steward,
And ſaid, my love, my joy, my heart,
Sir Steward, now I do thee pray, 135
To keep my Son both night and day,
And ſerve him both by foot and hand,
And thou ſhalt have both gold and land,
Or yet of any other thing
That thou'lt ſeek from me or the King. 140
He ſaid, Madam, that may not be,
But I will ſerve him tenderlie.

She ſayes, my fair Son *Rofwall*,
Hearken what I to thee will tell,
When thou doſt come to that Country, 145
Carry thy ſelf right honeſtly,
Be Courteous, Genty, kind and free,
And uſe ay in good companie :
And if thou needeſt ought to ſpend,
Send word to me, I ſhall thee ſend. 150

He took his leave then of the Queen,
And of her Ladies all bedeene :
Great mourning and great care they made
When that out of the Town they rade,
The Gracious God mot be his guide. 155
So on a time as they did ride,

Side

The History of

Side for fide, hand for hand rode they,
None other saw they in the way,
Only they two in companie,
Came to a River fair to see : 160
The Prince then said unto the Knight,
My counsell is that here we light :
For in this place I thirst so fore,
That further can I ride no more,
Till of this water I get my fill : 165
Wot ye how I may win theretill ;
The Knight leapt down deliverlie,
And drank the water bufilie :
He bade him light and drink also
His fill ere he should further go : 170
And on his belly, as he lay down
To drink the water ready bown,
The false Knight took him by the feet,
And vow'd to throw him in the deep,
Unlesse that he did swear an oath, 175
That he the Gold and letters both
Should unto him resign gladly,
And his servant become truly,
To serve him well both day and night,
This oath he made to the false Knight : 180
He the Master, and he the Knave ;
He gave to him what he would crave.
And then anone withoutten stay,
They mounted both and went their way,
While they came to the Land of *Bealm*, 185
And had past much of that Realm.
The Kings Pallace when they came near
Roswall made sorry chear :
For the Knight did him forbid,

Further

Rofwall and Lillian.

Further with him for to ride ; 190
He would fee fervants in the Town,
Abundance of all fafhion.

Away he rode then with his gold,
Leaving poor *Rofwall* on the mold,
With not a penny in's companie 195
To buy his dinner, though he fhould die.
So to the Town in hy he rode,
And in the Kings Pallace abode.

In his heart was great rejoycing,
Prefented his letters to the King ; 200
He read his letters haftily,
And said, Sir, welcome mot ye be ;
Ye fhall to me be love and dear,
So long as ye will tarry here.
Now in the Court we let him dwell, 205
And we will fpeak of *Rofwall*.

Rofwall was mourning on the mold,
Wanting his letters and his gold :
He fays, alace, and woe is me,
For lack of food, I'm like to die ; 210

O that my Mother knew my fkaith,
My Father and my Mother baith :
For now I wot not what to do,
Nor what hand to turn me to :
Neither know I how to call me, 215

But I'm *Diffawar* what e'er befall me,
As then he making was his moan,
Beside none but himfelf alone,
He lookt a little, and did efpy
A little houle, none elfe hard by ; 220

To himfelf he fays quickly,
To yonder houle I will me hy,
And

The History of

And ask some vittals for this night,
And harbour while the day be light :
He stepped forth right sturdily, 225
And to the little house went he ;
He knockt a little at the door,
And then went in upon the floor,
He found no creature therein,
Neither to make noise nor din, 230
But a filly and aged wife,
In chastity had led her life :
He sayes, Dame, for Saint July,
This night let me have harbury,
And als some vittals till the morn, 235
For him that was in *Bethlehem* born ;
She sayes, to such meat as I have
Ye're welcome, part thereof receive,
She set him down, and gave him meat,
Even of the best that she could get, 240
And prayed him to make good chear,
For you are very welcome here ;
I know you are of far Countrie,
For ye are seemly for to see.
Tell me your name in charitie, 245
And do not it deny to me :
He sayes, *Disfawar* they call me,
So was I call'd in my Countrie :
She sayes, *Disfawar*, wo is me,
That is a poor name verilie 250
Yet *Disfawar*, you shall not be,
For good help you shall have of me :
I have a son no children mo,
Who each day to the School doth go :
If ye will bide still here with me, 255
To

Roswall and Lillian.

To him full welcome will ye be ;
And daily you and he together
May go to School and learn each other ;
He sayes, good Dame, God you foryield,
For here I get of you good bield. 260
As he and she was thus talkand,
In comes her son even at her hand :
Good Dame, he sayes, my mother dear,
Who's this that ye have gotten here,
This is a Clark of far Countrie, 265
Would fain go to the School with thee ;
He sayes, dear welcome mot he be,
For I have got good companie.
And then they past to their supper,
For his sake had the better chear. 270
Then *Diffawar* fair of face,
After supper said the grace.
And quickly to their beds went they,
And slept till it was near day,
And then the morn right airly rose, 275
And put upon them all their cloaths,
They went to School right hastilie,
By that time they could day-light see.
Into the School the Master came,
And asked at *Diffawar* his name : 280
He sayes, *Diffawar* they call me,
So was I cal'd in my Countrie.
The Master said, now *Diffawar*,
Thou shalt want neither meat nor laire :
When ever thou needest, come to me, 285
And I shall make you good supplie.
Great skill of learning before he had
Into the Country where he was bred.
He

The History of

<p>He had not been a moneth there, Into the School even little maire, But the Steward unto the King Of <i>Diffawar</i> had perceiving : He did set well his Courtesie, His nature and his great beautie ; Into his heart he greatly thought In service to have him, if he might The Steward to the Wife is gone, And sayes, God save you fair Madam, Where got ye this child so fair, That to this Lodging makes repair ? Sir, they do call him <i>Diffawar</i>, And ay hes done since he came here ; He is my joy, he is my heart, For he and I shall never part ; He sayes, Madam, that may not be, He must go to the Court with me : She sayes, Sir, its against my will, If ye will let him here stay still. The Steward took <i>Diffawar</i> fair of face, And brought him to the King's Grace. He had not been a moneth there, Into service or little maire, But he was lov'd of old and young, As he had been a Prince or King. The King he had a Daughter fair, And no moe bairns she was his Heir, She was by name call'd <i>Lillian</i>, Of fairer forsooth I read of nane : Not the Noble <i>French</i> Queen, Nor yet the Lady <i>Pelicane</i>, Nor yet <i>Helen</i> that fair Ladie,</p>	<p>290 295 300 305 310 315 320 Nor</p>
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Roswall and Lillian.

Nor yet the true *Philippie*,
Nor yet the Lady *Christaline*
Was not so fair as *Lillian*.
This lusty Lady *Lillian* 325
Choof'd him to be her Chamberlane,
Of which the Steward was full wo,
That he so soon should part him fro :
Yet would not say nay to *Lillian*,
Of which the Lady was right fain, 330
And entred him in her service,
For he was both leill, true and wife :
He brake her bread, and made good chear,
Filled the cup, the wine that bare :
She took such comfort then of him, 335
She lov'd him better nor all her kin.
Aside she call'd him on a day,
And thus unto him she did say,
Now tell me *Diffawar* for charitie,
Into what Country born was ye ? 340
He said I'm of a far Countrie,
My father's a man of a low degree :
I cannot trust, said she, by the rood,
But you are come of noble blood :
For I know by your courtesie, 345
And by your wonder fair bodie,
That ye are come of noble blood,
This is my reason, by the rood.
Madam, by that ye may well ken,
That I am come of sober men. 350
Diffawar, my little flower,
I wish thou were my paramour :
God fen I had thee to be King,
That I might wed you with a Ring.
In

The History of

In her arms (he did him imbrace,	355
And kist him thrice into that place.	
He kneeled down upon his knee,	
And thanked that Lady heartilie :	
He said, Lady, God you foreyeeld,	
That ye should love so poor a child ;	360
And I now, Lady, while I die,	
Love you again most heartilie,	
Within his heart he was right glad	
And he did think mair then he said.	
Soon after that this Lady fair,	365
Said anone to <i>Diffawar</i> ,	
<i>Diffawar</i> , I do you pray,	
Caft that name from you away ;	
Call you <i>Hector</i> or <i>Oliver</i> ,	
Ye are so fair without compare :	370
Call your self Sir <i>Porteous</i> ,	
Or else the worthy <i>Emedus</i> ;	
Call you the noble <i>Predicasse</i> ,	
Who was of fair and comely face ;	
Because that I love you so well,	375
Let your name be Sir <i>Lion dale</i> ,	
Or great <i>Florent</i> of <i>Albanie</i> ,	
My heart, if ye bear love to me ;	
Or call you <i>Lancelot du Lake</i> ,	
For your dearest true loves sake ;	380
Call you the Knight of Arms green,	
For the love of your Lady sheen :	
He sayes, <i>Diffawar</i> they must call me,	
While afterward I more do see.	
If ye will have no other name,	385
Call you a Squire to the King,	
Or to his daughter Chamberlan,	
For	

Roswall and Lillian.

For love of his daughter *Lillian*.
She laugh'd, and once or twice him kist,
And to her Ladies then she past, 390
And *Diffawar* was very glad,
For the joy he of the Lady had.
So it befell upon a day,
His Father to his Mother did say,
I think right long for to hear tell 395
Of my fair son *Roswall* :
I think so long I cannot sleep,
With that the Queen began to weep,
Who said, good Sir, for charitie,
Let some be sent him for to see : 400
It is long since he from us went,
Perchance his Gold is now all spent.
As the King his Father was to send,
There came Messengers even at hand
With letters from that noble King, 405
Which made him glad in every thing.
But they beguiled were both, so
That none of them the case did know :
The King had written on this manner,
Desiring his Son to his Daughter, 410
The King his Father was right glad,
That such a marriage should be made ;
Therefore he every way consented,
Even as the King by writ had sent it ;
An answer to him he did send, 415
When he the wedding would intend,
That he might send Lords of that Countrie
To bear witnesse to that marriage free.
The Messengers went home again,
And told their King what they had done ; 420
And

The History of

And then anone without delay
Appointed was the Marriage day :
Who sent word to the noble King,
And he without more tarrying,
Sent to solemnize that day, 425
An Earle and lusty Lords tway.
With them went two lusty Knights,
And many a gallant Squire wight.
The King of *Bealm* caus'd make a cry,
Three dayes before the marriage day, 430
To come and Just a course of Wier,
Before me and my Queen full dear,
To see who best will undertake,
To Just then for his Ladies sake.
But when to *Lillian* it was told, 435
Wit ye well her heart was cold ;
For she lov'd none but *Disfawar*.
Who, went and told him lesse and mair,
Said, at yon Justing you must be,
For to Just for your Ladie ; 440
And if ye will not Just for me,
Just for your Love where ere she be :
He faith, Lady, by my good fay,
I nere was bred with such a play,
For I had rather be at hunting, 445
Then finging, dancing, or at Justing :
Yet I shall stand by you Lady,
To see who bears away the gree.
And so they parted on that night :}
And on the morn when it was light, 450
Disfawar got up his way,
Went to the Forrest be it was day ;
His hounds leading into his hand,
Full

Roswall and Lillian.

Full well triping at his command.
And when he came to the Forrest, 455
He looked East, and looked West,
He looked over the bents brown,
Where he saw neither house nor town,
The Myrle and Mavefe shouted shrile,
The Sun blinked on every hill ; 460
In his heart he had great rejoycing
Of the birds full sweet singing :
He looked down upon the spray,
When it was nine hours of the day,
And saw a little space him fra, 465
A Knight coming, with him no mae,
Riding on a milk-white steed,
And all milk-white was his weed,
To *Diffawar* he came ridand,
And lighted down even at his hand, 470
And said, anone, my full sweet thing,
I must be drest in your cloathing :
Take you my armour and my steed,
And dresse you all into my weed :
And to yon Justing you must faire, 475
To win you praise and honour mair :
When ye have done come ye to me,
Of Vennisfoun ye shall have plentie.
Then *Diffawar* armed him quickly :
The Knight him helped that stood by : 480
He stoutly lap upon his steed,
And ran Lances through the Mied,
Till he came to the Justing-place,
He saw his Mistres face to face,
And he saw many Ladies gay, 485
And many Lords in rich array,
B And

The History of

And he faw many a lustie Knight,
 Justing before him in his fight :
 He rade unto the Justing place,
 Where Knights encountred face to face, 490
 And many fadles toom'd he there,
 Both of Knights and many a Squyer :
 All men wondred what he was,
 That of Justing had such praise :
 The Ladies heart was wonder fair 495
 And said, alace for *Diffawar*.
 Why should he not tarry with me,
 This Noble justing for to see :
 And when the Justing was near done,
 Then he beheld the Steward soon, 500
 His heels turn upward there he made,
 All that him faw were fore afraid.
 Then he unto the Forrest ran,
 As light as ever did a man :
 The King cry'd with voice on hie, 505
 Go take yon Knight, bring him to me,
 And whoſo brings him to my hand,
 Shall have an Earldome of land :
 But all for nought, it was in vain,
 For to the woods he rode again, 510
 Delivered his Armour and his steed,
 And drest himself in his own weed :
 The Lord had taken him Vennifoun,
 And homeward with them made he bown,
 As for help desired none he, 515
 Presented them to his Ladie.
 She sayes, now wherefore *Diffawar*
 Beguild ye me in this manner ?
 He answered, my Lady dear,

Roswall and Lillian

Why say ye that unto me here ? 520
Wherefore shall I come to Justing ?
I have no skill of such a thing.
She sayes, a Knight with a white steed,
And all milk-white was his weed,
He hath born away the gree, 525
Of him is spoken great plentie :
And if ye bide the morn with me,
Ye peradventure shall him see.
I shall do so, said he, Madam,
The morn I will not pass from home. 530
Then *Lillian* to her Ladies went,
Past to their supper incontinent :
And on the morn right timoufly,
He did rise up be he might fee,
And forth unto the Forrest went, 535
After the night was fully spent :
When that he came to those woods green,
The place where he before had been ;
Under the shadow of a tree
He laid him down right privatlie. 540
The birds did sing with pleasant voice,
He thought himself in Paradice,
And to bear part, for joy sang he
Even for the love of his Ladie,
How she lov'd him her Paramour, 545
And she of all the world the flower :
For pleasure of the weather fair,
So clear and pleasant was the air,
His heart was light on leaf on tree,
When that he thought on his Lady. 550
He looked then over an hill,
And saw a Knight coming him till,

B 2

Having

The History of

Having a red shield and a red spear,
And all red shined his gear.
To *Disfawar* he came full soon, 555
And at his hand he lighted down,
And said, Sir, take this horse of mine,
And all my Armour good and fine :
To the Justing in haste ride ye,
The gracious God your guide be : 560
And soon to him he reacht a Spear
Which he did take withoutten fear :
He then did ride forth merrilie,
And soon his Lady can he see,
And she was clothed all in white, 565
To look on her was great delight :
He made the Lady full gay halving,
And then he went to the Justing :
And if he Justed well before,
Better that day by fifteen score. 570
He hunted the Knights here and there,
Even as the hound doth hunt the Hare,
And many Knights he bare to ground,
And some of them got their deeds wound.
Of the Steward he got a fight, 575
And on his arse he made him light,
And then unto the Forrest ran,
As light as ever did a man.
The King cryed with voice on hie,
Go take yon Knight, bring him to me, 580
And whofo brings him to my hand
Shall have an Earldome of land :
But all for nought it was in vain,
For to the Woods he rade again.
When he came there the Knight he leugh, 585
Have

Roswall and Lillian

Have I not Vennifoun enough ?
Ye have been at the field all day,
And I at hunting and at play,
Then *Disfawar* gave him his steed,
His shield, his armour, and his weed : 590
His steed was all of apple-gray,
None better was, I dare well say.
Then *Disfawar* went home quickly,
With a white Hind to his Lady,
When he came home, as I heard tell, 595
She greatly did at him marvell
That he came not to the Justing :
Lady, grive not at such a thing.
She sayes, a Knight with a gray steed,
And all red shined his weed, 600
This day hath born away the gree,
Of him is spoken great plentie :
And I have ever in my thought
That it was you the deed hath wrought.
I pray, Madam, trust no such thing, 605
For I no skill have of Justing.
She says the morn go not away,
Because it is the hindmost day :
But *Disfawar* full soon the morn
Got up and blew his hunting horn, 610
And went into the Forrest soon
With hounds and ratches of renown,
And there he had great comforting
Of all the birds full sweet finging,
And then he looked up full fwyth, 615
He saw a fight which made him blyth,
A Knight upon a stalward Steed,
And glittring Gold was all his weed :

His

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The History of

His shield was red, his armour green,
Ov'r all the land it might be seen. 620
To *Disfawar* he came full soon,
And at his hand he lighted down,
And said, Sir, take this horse of mine,
And all my armour good and fine :
To the Justing in haste ride ye, 625
The Gracious God your guide be :
And even so soon as he came there,
He saw his Lady that was so fair :
And all the weed that she did wear,
In glittering red gold did appear, 630
He at his Lady did cast a Ring,
Then past he on to the Justing ;
He rode among them with such force,
That he dang down both man and horse :
Out through the field when that he ran, 635
At each stroak he dang down a man.
Sir *Ronald* and Sir *Oliver*
In their Justing made no such steir,
When he beheld the Steward than
He dang him down both horse and man ; 640
Both horse and man on the ground lay,
And of his ribs were broken tway.
Then to the Forrest he rode full soon,
When that the Justing was all done ;
As swift as *Falcon* of his flight 645
Upon a bird when he doth light.
The King cried with voice full shrill
Go take yon Knight, bring him me till ;
And who so brings him to me here,
Shall have my land and daughter dear, 650
But all for nought, it was in vain,
For

Rofwall and Lillian.

For to the woods he rade again,
Delivered his armour and his Steed,
And drest himself in his own weed :
He thanked him right reverently, 655
Then came the other two Knights in hy.
The same two Knights we spake of aire,
Who said, O blessed Mafter dear,
From prifon you delivered us,
Wherefore mot thank you sweet Jesus, 660
And this is alfo moft certain,
We promifed to you again,
If ever you help of us did need,
We fhould perform the fame with fpeed.
The morn the marriage fhould be 665
Of the Steward who beguiled thee :
But therefore do thou nothing fear,
The Brides bed he fhall not come near.
They took their leave withoutten mair,
And he went to his Lady fair. 670
And when that they were coming home
From the Jufting every one,
He went unto his Lady gent,
Saluting her incontinent.
Are ye, *Diffawar*, welcome to me, 675
That fo oft hath beguiled me ?
But yet I muft forgive you foon
Of all that ever you have done,
She fays, a Knight with a ftalward fteed,
And glittering gold was all his weed, 680
This day hath born away the gree
Of all the Jufting dayes three.
If to my Father the truth ye tell,
That it was you Jufted fo well :

Then

The History of

Then dare I surely take in hand, 685
He'll give you me and all the land.
The morn the marriage should be
Betwixt yon young Prince and me :
But here I make a solemn vow,
I never shall have man but you : 690
Therefore I heartily do you pray,
The morn that ye go not away.
I shall do that, my Lady bright,
I shall not go out of your fight.
Then she the morn right airly rose, 695
And put upon her all her cloaths,
Unto the King then is she gone,
Who kneeled on her knees full soon.
Then said he, *Lilhan*, what would ye ?
Declare your mind now unto me : 700
If it be lawfull ye require,
I shall it grant at your desire.
Grant me my asking for Christ's sake,
That is a Prince to be my maik.
Ask on, he sayes, how that may be, 705
I have devised one for thee.
She sayes, they call him *Diffuwar*,
I ask no more at you, Father.
That asking I to tell thee plain,
Is not befitting for thy train : 710
For he is but a Batcheller,
For ought that I do know or hear :
We know of none he is become,
But this man is a great Kings son ;
Therefore ye shall let such things be, 715
For it becomes not you nor me,
That we the Kings son should forbear,

And

Roswall and Lillian.

And match you with a Batcheller :
To me it were a great defame,
And alse to you a very shame : 720
Therefore I counsell you forbear,
And wed yon Prince withoutten peer.
And then she past the Kirk untill,
And married him fore against her will ;
And when the marriage was done, 725
She past unto her chamber soon,
And mourned there till dinner time,
That she was brought to hall to dine :
The King was set and eke the Queen,
The said Prince and *Lillian* sheen : 730
Then every Lord and gentle Knight
Marched with a Lady bright :
The Courtes came abundantlie,
With bread and wine in great plenty,
At mid't of dinner as they sat, 735
In came the three Lords at the gate :
They did salute the King and Queen,
And eke fair Lady *Lillian* sheen :
But the Bride-groom that sate near by,
To him they made no courtesie. 740
The King thereat great marvell had,
That they to him no reverence made :
And said, Why do you not resign
Homage to your Prince and King ?
They said, By Him that us dear bought, 745
Into the hall we see him nought :
Then all the hall they looked round,
At last him in a chamber found ;
And then they kneeled down in hy,
Saluting him right reverently, 750
C And

The History of

And by the hand they have him tane.
Then marvelled in hall ilk ane :
The King wondered and eke the Queen,
But blyth was Lady *Lillian*.
They did enquire how it befell, 755
So he the manner did them tell,
How that he thought him for to drown,
And in the River cast him down :
And how his gold from him took he,
And letters, to let him go free : 760
How he made him an oath to take,
Which will turn to his shame and lack,
That I a fervant so fould be
To him my Father sent with me ;
The which he could not well deny, 765
But granted all right hastily.
Then *Roswall* told unto the King
All the manner of the Justing,
And shewed to him that it was he,
Who won the Justing dayes three. 770
And then they took the Steward soon,
And hanged him high afternoon.
Then to the Kirk they passed there,
And married him and *Lillian* fair.
There is no tongue on earth can tell 775
The joy that then had *Roswall* :
And wit ye well if he was fain,
Fainer was Lady *Lillian*.
For blyther was not *Meledas*,
When as she married *Claudias*, 780
Nor *Belfant* that most pleasant flower,
When she got *Ronald* to paramour,
As was this Lady *Lillian* :

In

Roswall and Lillian.

In heart she was right wonder fain.
They ate the spice, and drank the wine, 785
And past into their dancing fyne :
The King danced with the Queen,
Then *Roswall* and *Lillian* sheen :
Every Lord and gentle Knight
Danced with a Lady bright : 790
They danced there till supper time,
So past unto their supper fyne :
There was no Knight, the truth to tell,
That at his supper fure so well :
When that the supper ended was, 795
A Bishop rose and said the grace,
And fyne they past to the dancing,
The Minstrels play'd with pleasant spring ;
Roswall danced with the Queen,
The King himself with *Lillian* : 800
Then every Lord and gentle Knight
Danced with a Lady bright,
The Minstrels played with good will,
Till they had danced all their fill :
They ate the spice, they drank the wine, 805
Unto their beds they passed fyne.
Roswall and *Lillian* glad
First are they gone unto their bed :
But what they did I cannot say,
I wot they slept not till day. 810
The Bridal lasted twenty dayes,
With dancing, carols, and many playes,
With Jousting and with Tournament.
Then for the old wife he sent,
And to the King the manner told, 815
How she did in her house him hold,
And

The History of

And sent him to school with her son,
And how the Master treated him :
How the Steward did him perceive,
And from the wife did him receive, 820
And loved him even as his son,
In service to remain with him.
The King did marvell much again
To hear thir tidings so certain.
Then *Roswall* rewarded soon 825
All that ever him good had done :
First he gave to the old wife
Gold that lasted all her life,
And then without delay anone
He made a Bishop of her son : 830
The Master that did him instruct
His own Chapland he did him make.
Roswall and *Lillian* free,
Had five bairns fickerlie,
Three sons and two daughters dear 835
Right fair they were withoutten peer :
The eldest son was King of *Bealm*
The second fell to *Naples* Realm,
The third son King of *Bane* was made,
When that the King thereof was dead : 840
The eldest daughter fell a chance,
Married the Daulphin of *France*
The second on the Prince of *Pail*.
We pray to him that vanquisht hell,
And for us dyed on a tree 845
To grant us heaven, Amen, say ye.

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